

CAN ZO N 10,



Hijjow made I, then, attempt in courtly fashion, To gam the virgin conquest of thy love ? How did my sighs decipher inward Passion, When they to kind regard thy heart did move ? When thou vouchsaf st to grace the evening air, How have I lain in ambush to betray thee ? Our eyes have skirmished ! but my tongue would pray thee To join thy Pity partner with thy Fair ! Since that, how often have they sent wept Elegies To beg remorse at thy obdurate heart ! How often hath my Muse in comic poesies, To feed thy humour, played a comic part ! But, now, the Pastime of my pen is silenced ! To act in Tragic Vein, alone is licensed.

CANZON i i .



Hijow wert thou pleased with my Pastoral Ode ! Which late I sent thee; wherein I, thy Swain, In rural tune, on pipe did chaunt abroad Thee, for the loveliest Lass that traced the plain. There, on thy head, I, FLORA'S Chaplet placed ! There, did my pipe proclaim thee, Summer's Queen ! Each herdgroom, with that honour held thee graced ! When lawny white did chequer with thy green.

There, did I bargain all my kids to thee ! My spotted lambkins, choicest of my fold ! So thou would'st sit and keep thy flock by me: So much I joyed, thy beauty to behold, How many Cantons then, sent I to thee ! Who, though on two strings only raised their strain. To wit, my Grief, and thy unmatched Beauty; Yet well their harmony could please thy vein ! Well could they please thee, and thou term them witty; But now as fortunes change, so change my Ditty !